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THE SPECIAL EDITION

#1

EX-MUTANTS™

TO SCRIPT, PERCHANCE TO DREAM
or
IT'S A STEADY JOB AND I WANNA BE A COMIC-BOOK WRITER!

First, my apologies to John, Paul, George, Ringo, and Will. But at least when I swipe, I only swipe from the best.

Second, despite the title of this column, this is not a "How to break into funny books" piece. I couldn't tell you that if I tried. I don't even know how I did it. The phone rang one day, I answered it, and the next thing I knew my middle name was **"EX-MUTANTS."**

Or almost. There was a little bit in between. As those of you fortunate enough to have a copy of **EX-MUTANTS #1** know, the book actually began life as **YOUNG EX-MUTANT SAMURAI HUMANS.** First it was a one-shot parody title, then a four-issue mini-series. Next thing I knew, it was a full-fledged monthly comic book series.

As the saner among you almost certainly realize, I was hardly thrilled at the prospect of writing yet another entry into the long-title b&w sweepstakes. But I set out to do the best I could with it.

After a couple of false starts, I wrote a first issue that I could be, well, not exactly proud of, but at least I didn't have to close my eyes when I shave in the morning. The book also had the good fortune of having the extremely talented and so-fast-improving-it-scares-me-sometimes Ron Lim as an artist. And a funny thing happened.

This comic-book that began life as another poor stepchild of Frank Miller and *Mutant Turtles* went out into the comic shops and, near as we can tell, everybody loved it. The seventy-five thousand copies we printed — which included thousands allowed for re-orders — sold out easily. Reader response has been phenomonal. And when those calls for re-orders came, we couldn't fill all of them.

Thus came this **SPECIAL EDITION.** We wanted everyone who wanted to read the first issue to have a chance to do so. And, in these days of reprintings ad-infinitum, we wanted to do *more.*

Rather than just wringing another $1.80 out of everyone, we decided to go back and add new material. Clear up some of the questions that a too-cramped first issue didn't have time or space to answer. Not to mention brand-new pages of gorgeous Ron Lim art.

Now that **EX-MUTANTS** has made me rich and famous, or at least middle class and vaguely familiar, the one question I've heard more than any other has been something like "How do you do it? Where do your ideas come form?" Everyone from customers at the bar where I've worked for the last four years (and drank for the last eight) and cute 19-year-old girls at parties to my family and best friends ask me variations on that question.

The truth is, even I don't know exactly. I do know, though, that the more junk I pour into my head, the more junk I seem to pour back out. And I've got a voracious appetite for junk.

First, I read a lot, and not just funny books, either. I love to read Hunter S. Thompson, perhaps the only man in the world today who I'll concede is more deranged than I am, and I'm sure he'll pop up in something I write sooner or later. In fact, I'm a sixties junkie in general. I read a lot of magazines and I try to read a couple of newspapers a day. Most of the real world is more unbelievable than fiction anyway.

Not that I don't read comics. I don't think there's anyone in this business who didn't grow up reading and loving them. But the mind doesn't exactly flourish on a steady diet of *Marvel Team-Up.* Elzie Segar's classic *Thimble Theater,* Chester Gould's early *Dick Tracy,* George Herriman's *Krazy Kat,* Will Eisner, Robert Crumb, Gary Trudeau, Gilbert Shelton's *Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers,* Carl Barks' ducks and Floyd Gottfredson's mice, I can curl up with any of these for an evening and hardly even regret there's nothing softer and warmer around to curl up with. There are probably hundreds of other titles and creators I could mention, but these names come to mind as I sit here typing, and listing everything would probably knock out all 32 pages of the story and I'd still have to quit in the middle.

Television has certainly influenced me, also. *Monty Python, SCTV, Fridays, Star Trek,* the original *Saturday Night Live, Mr. Ed, The Flintstones,* pro wrestling (But don't watch it sober), MTV, *Bugs Bunny* — Lord knows I can go happily brain-dead for an evening with any of these and countless others.

I love movies, especially Hollywood classics of the 30's and 40's. I wanted to grow up to be Groucho Marx, and sometimes I think I almost succeeded. *The Wizard of Oz, Mr. Smith Goes To Washington,* and almost anything else Frank Capra directed. The Three Stooges, Charlie Chaplin, W.C. Fields — this list could fill a whole book, also.

And anyone who reads **EX-MUTANTS** can probably guess I listen to a lot of music. Chuck Berry, Buddy Holly, Bruce Springsteen and, of course, the Beatles. Steely Dan, The Doors, the Beach Boys, and Simon and Garfunkel. Old Motown and the Rolling Stones. Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, Count Basie, and Ella Fitzgerald. Or, to make it short, just about everything.

And guess what?

Sometimes I don't read anything. Not a comic book, not a "real" book (you know, the kind without pictures). I don't turn on the TV, or even the stereo, or go to a ball-game or a movie.

Sometime I just go out. Just do stuff, any stuff. Frankly, some of my best writing has been inspired by all-night, all-out drunken binges. Not that I'm endorsing all-night drunken binges — they're not for amateurs, and even years of bartending have left me ill-equipped to deal with some of the more bizarre evenings.

But the point is: do things you enjoy. Read things you enjoy. But that strange looking comic book up in the corner of the rack, the one that looks interesting but you're not sure about, instead of buying something to stuff into a plastic bag without reading. Go to a movie, watch the World Series.

In short, if you want to write, go out and live for a while.

After all, that stack of comic books will still be waiting when you get back.

Keep watching the skies,
David Lawrence

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EX-MUTANTS™
CREATED BY
DAVID LAWRENCE & DAVID CAMPITI
"You don't believe we're on the eve of destruction?" --Barry Maguire, EVE OF DESTRUCTION.
"And in the end, the love you take is equal to the love you make." --John Lennon and Paul McCartney, THE END.
DAMNED IF THEY WEREN'T BOTH RIGHT.
ALEX-- I THOUGHT WE'D AGREED. NO WORK TODAY!
SORRY, HONEY. I'LL BE DONE--
"--IN A COUPLE OF MINUTES." :SIGH: YOU'VE BEEN SAYING THAT ALL MORNING...
NEWSWEEK
TIME
NUCLEAR POWER? NEWS
DAVID LAWRENCE
AUTHOR
RONALD LIM
PENCILLER
TIMOTHY DZON
WITH MICHAEL WITHERBY
INKERS
BOB PINAHA
CALLIGRAPHER
DAVID CAMPITI
SCRIPT ASSIST/EDITOR

I'VE HAD TO DO SO MUCH REVAMPING IN THESE *PLANS* FOR THE NEW LAB AT THE *GENETIC RESEARCH INSTITUTE.*

EVER SINCE THEY *MOVED* THE LAB *UNDERGROUND* BECAUSE OF "ENVIRONMENTAL CONCERNS," IT'S BEEN ONE HEADACHE AFTER ANOTHER.

CELL

LAB BLUEPRINT : BASIC II

LIFE SUPPORT SYSTEM I

SO IT'S THE OLD *HEADACHE* EXCUSE THIS TIME.

I'M JUST SO FRUSTRATED...

IF I WERE *YOU,* DOCTOR--

--THE ONLY THING THAT WOULD FRUSTRATE *ME* RIGHT NOW--

--IS I WON'T GET TO SEE MY BEAUTIFUL WIFE FOR *SIX MONTHS,* AFTER TOMORROW.

AND INSTEAD OF SITTING HERE BEING *FRUSTRATED,* I'D RATHER *DO* SOMETHING ABOUT IT.

WELL, NOW THAT YOU *MENTION* IT...

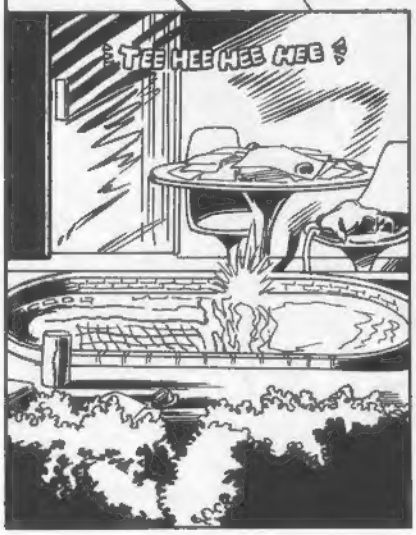
SIGH! IS THIS TRIP REALLY NECESSARY?
SIX MONTHS, HUH?
YOU KNOW IT IS. BUT AFTER THIS--

--NO MORE OF THESE LONG, AWAY-FROM-HOME ASSIGNMENTS.
FOR EITHER OF US.
EVER.

SO TELL ME, SAILOR, HOW DO YOU WANT TO SPEND THE REST OF THE DAY?

OH...

...I'VE GOT SOME IDEAS!
ALEX!


TEE HEE HEE HEE

THE NEXT MORNING, SHE LEFT. HE NEVER SAW HER AGAIN.
NINE WEEKS LATER, THE WORLD ENDED.
AS DID THEIR DREAMS.

A BREED APART
THIRTY YEARS LATER:
SHE CANNOT HELP BUT DREAM.
HER NAME IS LORELEI AND, ALTHOUGH SHE WAS BORN AFTER THE CRISIS, SHE FEELS SHE KNOWS WHAT SHE WOULD HAVE LOOKED LIKE--
--JUST LIKE HER MOTHER--
--BEFORE HER MOTHER SAW THE FLASH FILL THE SKY, THE FLAME SEAR THE SOIL, AND FELT THE DARK CHILL THE BONES.
WHEN THE RADIOACTIVE NIGHT FINALLY LIFTED, MOST HAD DIED.
THOSE THAT SURVIVED HAD CHANGED. THE CHILDREN THEY BORE WERE MUTANTS. LIKE LORELEI.
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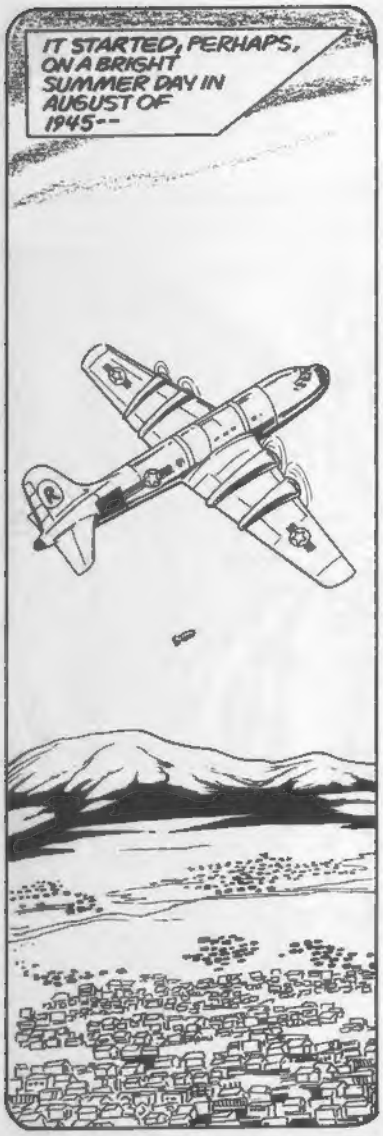
SOME, MUCH LIKE LORELEI, REFUSE TO LET THE DREAM OF HUMANITY DIE.
SOME--LIKE DR. EMMANUEL CUGAT:
COME, CHILD.
YOU WILL BE A BREED APART FROM THE OTHERS.
WHAT A MOCKERY OF HUMANITY HAVE WE BECOME!
BUT NESTLED WITHIN YOU ARE GENES THAT BEG FOR RELEASE. WHAT ONCE WERE DOMINANT ARE NOW RECESSIVE.
WE MUST RESTORE HUMANITY TO THE FACE OF THIS PLANET... IF WE CAN...
"WE CAN ONLY TRY."
5


IT STARTED, PERHAPS, ON A BRIGHT SUMMER DAY IN AUGUST OF 1945--

--WHEN ONE WAR ENDED, AND ANOTHER WAR SUDDENLY BEGAN.

ALL THE PROPER NOISES WERE MADE. THE EULOGIES FOR THE DEAD, PROMISES IT WOULD NEVER HAPPEN AGAIN.

FOR A LONG TIME IT DIDN'T, AND LIFE WENT ON, AS USUAL--
--ON A PLANET MANKIND NOW COULD DESTROY.
THE MOVIE HOUSE

BUT ONE DAY IT DID HAPPEN. SOMEONE, SOMEWHERE--
--AND LET'S FACE IT, IT REALLY DOESN'T MATTER WHO--
--ORDERED THE WEAPONS USED.
SO EVERYONE--
--USED THEIRS, AS WELL!
--EVERYWHERE--
BUT THAT WAS LONG AGO AND FAR AWAY--
AND THAT WAS THE END OF THEIR STORY, THE WAY SURVIVORS HEARD AND BELIEVED IT.
--WHEN, TO SOME, A SIMPLISTIC "TRUTH" MATTERED.

NOW THE SUN BURNS HOTTER THAN IT DID BEFORE MOST OF THE OZONE IN EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE WAS DESTROYED.

WIND BLOWS HARDER AND FASTER IN THE THINNER ATMOSPHERE.

RAINS FALL FAR TOO RARELY FOR ANYTHING TO GROW IN LAND MOST UNSUITABLE FOR FARMING.

PLANET EARTH BARELY SURVIVED.

...MANKIND DIDN'T.

BUT HERE, AMONG RUINS WHERE ONCE STOOD NEW YORK CITY, IN A LAND THAT WAS AMERICA--

--SOMETHING ELSE DID.

GOOD LORD! I THINK I'VE FOUND IT!

HEY, LOOK-- CRAZY OLD DOC CUGAT--HE'S GOT SOMETHIN'!

NOT FOR LONG, HE HASN'T!!

AT LAST! BUT I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE--

THWACK!

IT'S TOO LATE.
OKAY DOC, WE'LL TAKE THAT NOW!
MITCHELL, YOU MORON! IT'S OF NO USE TO YOU!

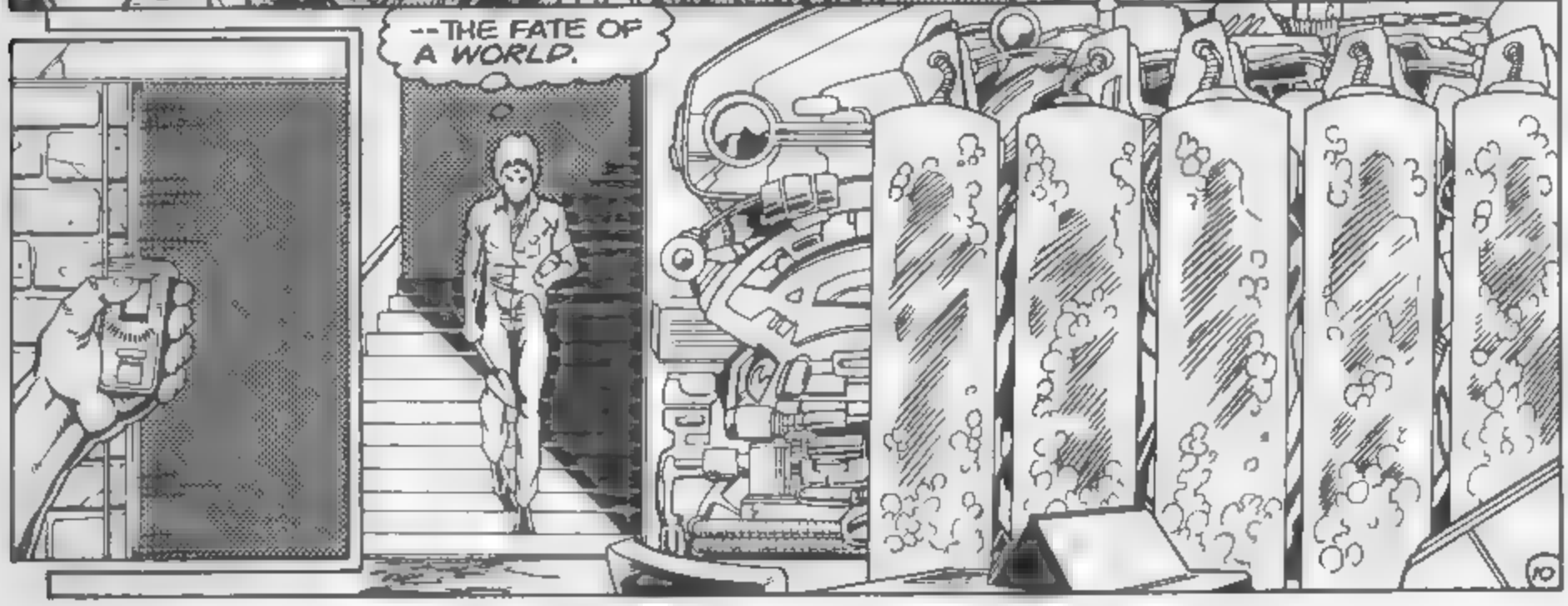
WE'LL DECIDE ABOUT THAT!

UH...WHAT IS IT?
IT'S A COMPACT SOLAR BATTERY, YOU FOOLS. IT CAN--

AAH... IF YA CAN'T EAT IT OR SLEEP WITH IT, WHAT GOOD IS IT?
LOOK! IT'S DOUGLAS! I'LL BET HE'S FOUND SOME FOOD!

TO YOU, MITCHELL, IT'S WORTHLESS.
BUT FOR THOSE OF US WHO ARE STILL A LITTLE CIVILIZED--

--IT COULD CHANGE--


--THE FATE OF A WORLD.

IT'S TIME, DAD. I'VE GOT TO HOPE THAT EVERYTHING YOU TAUGHT ME BEFORE YOU DIED--
--AND EVERYTHING I'VE HAD TO LEARN ON MY OWN, SINCE--
--IS ENOUGH.

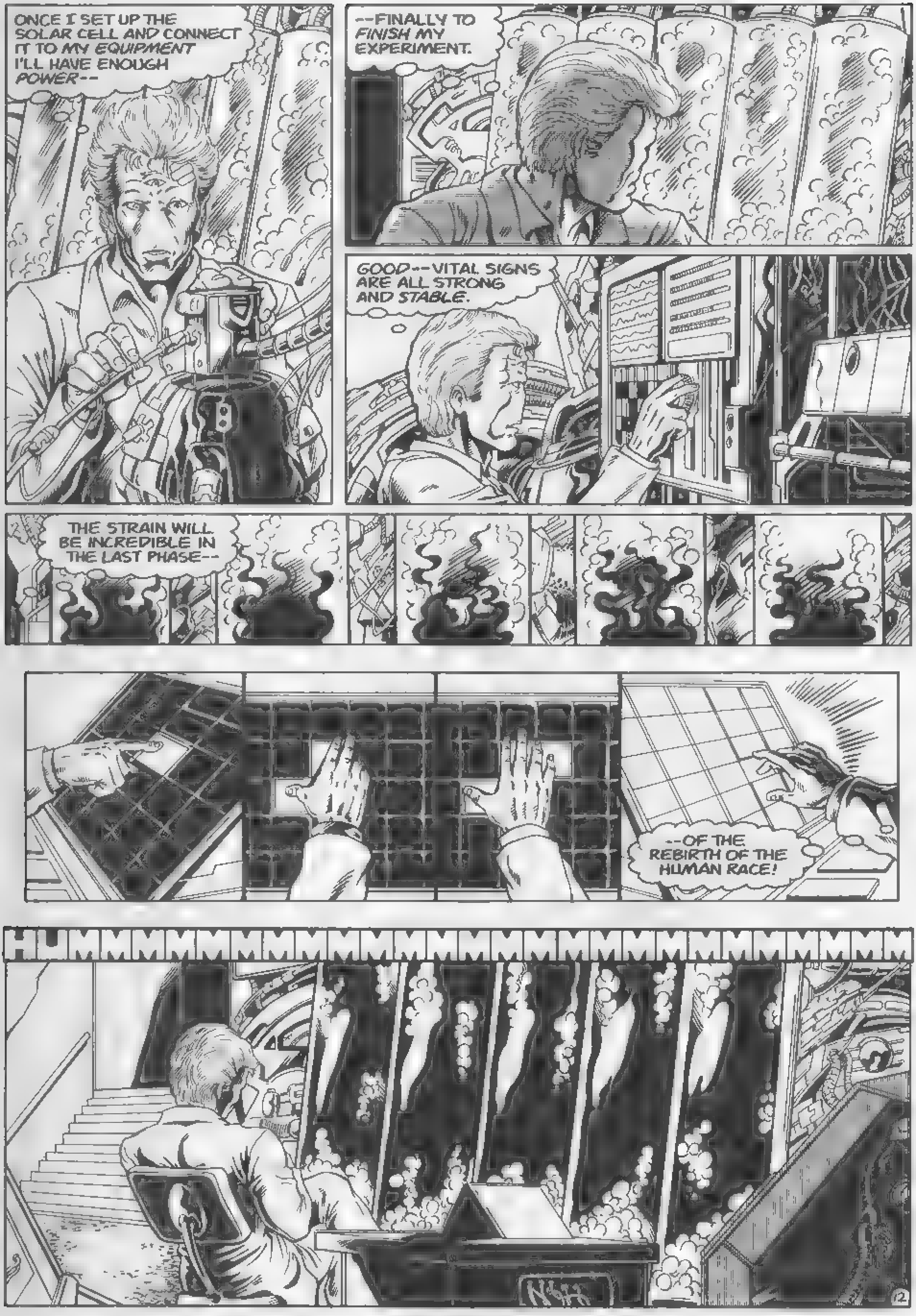
THE OUTSIDE RADIATION LEVELS SEEM TO BE WITHIN ACCEPTABLE LIMITS--
--BUT IT'S SO HARD TO BE SURE.
TIC TIC TIC TIC

"OF COURSE YOU CAN NEVER BE SURE OF ANYTHING," AS DAD USED TO SAY.
JUST ONE LAST CHORE, THEN--

--BEFORE THE HARD WORK BEGINS.

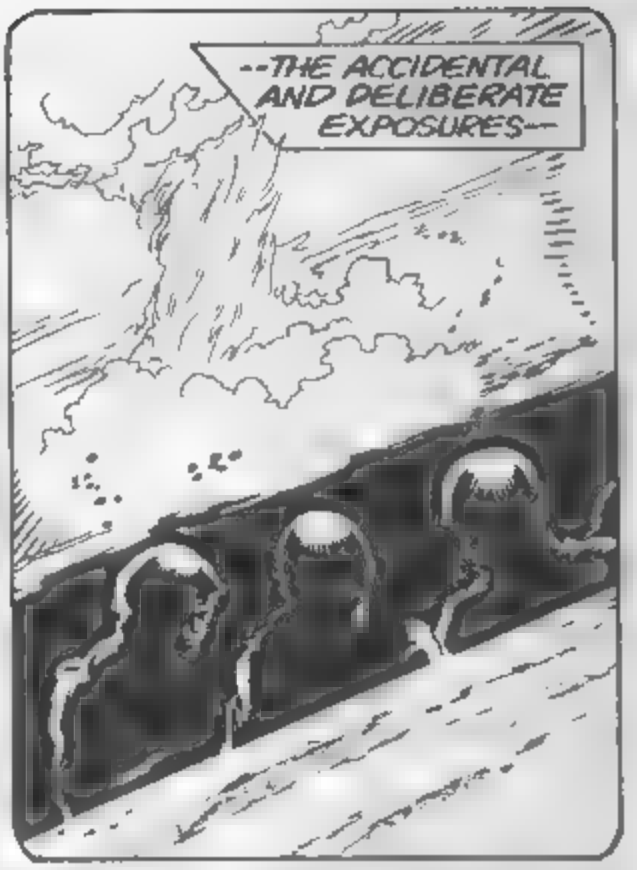
HERE'S TO YOU, DAD--

--AND TO THE FUTURE.


ONCE I SET UP THE SOLAR CELL AND CONNECT IT TO MY EQUIPMENT I'LL HAVE ENOUGH POWER--
--FINALLY TO FINISH MY EXPERIMENT.
GOOD--VITAL SIGNS ARE ALL STRONG AND STABLE.
THE STRAIN WILL BE INCREDIBLE IN THE LAST PHASE--
--OF THE REBIRTH OF THE HUMAN RACE!
HUMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM
12

EMMANUEL CUGAT WORKS FEVERISHLY INTO THE NIGHT--

--REMEMBERING THE STORIES HIS FATHER TOLD HIM. THE FIRST ATOMIC EXPLOSIONS--


--THE ACCIDENTAL AND DELIBERATE EXPOSURES--

--THE CHANGES. FIRST DISEASE, THEN OTHER, SUBTLER DIFFERENCES.

FINALLY, WAR, WHEN EVERYTHING SHOULD HAVE DIED, AND EVERYTHING HUMAN DID.

HE REMEMBERS THE SURVIVORS, PARTLY IMMUNE TO THE RADIATION--
--BECAUSE, HE REASONED, OF A TOLERANCE THROUGH PREVIOUS SLIGHT EXPOSURES--
--BUT CHANGED FOREVER.

BUT CURIOUSLY ENOUGH, NOT ONCE THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT--
--NOT EVEN AS HE FALLS INTO AN EXHAUSTED, FITFUL SLEEP NEAR DAWN, DOES HE PAUSE TO WONDER--

--IF THE HUMAN RACE DESERVES TO BE REBORN.

I'VE DONE IT!!!

HERE WE ARE, DOC.

NEW AND IMPROVED, THANKS TO YOU.

SIGH. I'LL SAY HE IS.

EASY, GIRL.

WE SHOULD ALL TAKE IT EASY.

--TILL WE FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENS NEXT!

ERIN.

BELUSHI.

VIKKI.

ANGELA.

LORELEI.

"WHAT HAPPENS NEXT" TAKES WEEKS.
WEEKS OF TESTING, DURING WHICH DR. CUGAT MAKES SURE THAT THE CAREFUL ALTERATIONS ON HIS YOUNG CHARGES HAVE WORKED.
WEEKS OF TRAINING, PREPARING FOR A HOSTILE WORLD, LEARNING SKILLS THEY WILL NEED TO SURVIVE--
--AND, PERHAPS, TO DO MORE THAN SURVIVE
BUT IT'S NOT ALL WORK. THERE ARE WEEKS OF LAUGHTER, WEEKS OF GROWTH--
--AMONG A DOCTOR AND HIS PATIENTS--
--WEEKS WHEN THE RELATIONSHIPS AMONG A SCIENTIST AND HIS EXPERIMENTS--
16

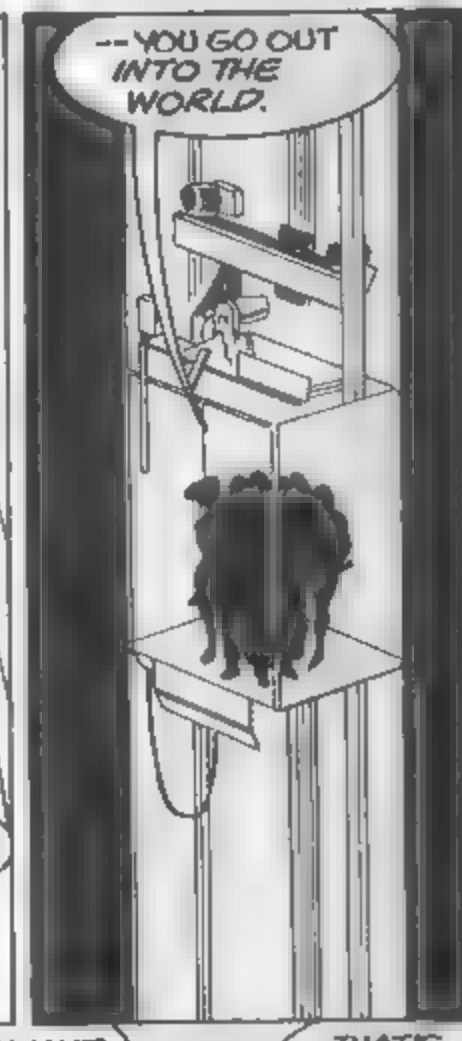
--BECOME SOMETHING MUCH MORE.

C'MON, KIDS, TIME TO GET UP!

COME BACK IN ABOUT AN HOUR.
WHUMP

MMMM... WHY SO EARLY?

WE'VE GOT A BUSY DAY AHEAD OF US.
TODAY'S THE DAY--


--YOU GO OUT INTO THE WORLD.

OUT THERE?! BUT I JUST DID MY NAILS!
I DON'T WANT TO GO! THERE'S NOTHING THERE!!
NO BOOKS LIKE YOU'VE GOT HERE--

NO MOVIES, OR...
SON...

I DON'T WANT YOU TO GO, EITHER. YOU'VE BEEN LIKE A FAMILY TO ME.
THAT'S SOMETHING I HAVEN'T HAD...
.. FOR A VERY LONG TIME

BUT REMEMBER, EVEN AS YOU WENT THROUGH THE MOST POWERFUL OF GENETIC TREATMENTS, REBUILDING YOU WAS JUST THE FIRST STEP TOWARD REBUILDING OUR ENTIRE WORLD!

SINCE THE CRISIS, WE'VE BEEN SATISFIED WITH SCAVENGING THROUGH RUINS, RATHER THAN WORKING TO REBUILD.

THEN WE FIGHT OVER THE SCRAPS WE FIND. I CAN ONLY HOPE THAT SEEING YOU...

...MIGHT GIVE OUR PEOPLE THE INSPIRATION TO REBUILD ALL THAT USED TO BE.

NO GAME, FRIEND! I'VE BROUGHT YOU ALL HERE FOR A SPECIAL EVENT--
--THE REBIRTH OF THE HUMAN RACE!!

HUMANS!!!
GET THEM!!!
I TAKE IT THIS ISN'T QUITE WHAT YOU EXPECTED?
WELL, I WAS HOPING FOR A WARMER RECEPTION!

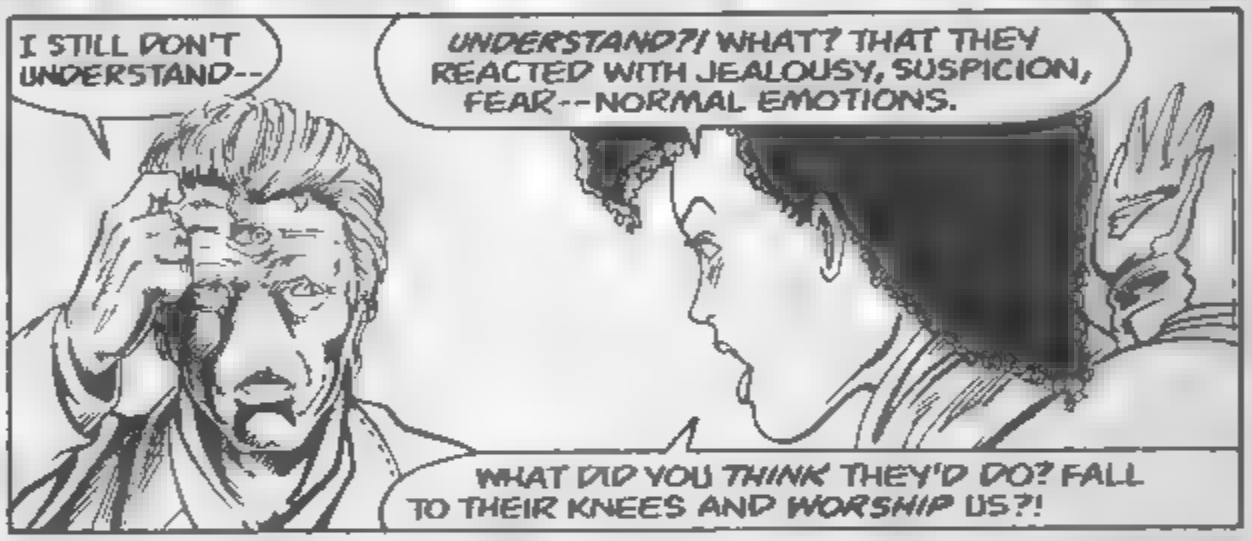
WARMER? NO THANKS! THIS RECEPTION IS ALREADY RED HOT!
CRAK!

LORELEI--!!

WATCH OUT!!
KTAC!
THANKS, ERIN!
SURE. BUT YOU WOULDN'T NEED MY HELP--
--IF YOU SPENT LESS TIME TALKING AND MORE TIME WATCHING YOUR BACK.
UH...RIGHT.
DAMMIT! WHY ARE THEY ALL SO HARD ON ME?!
MAYBE THAT'LL TEACH YOU TO--
WHAK
OH NO!!
VIKK!!!
WHAT'S WRONG?!

OH ANGELA-- I BROKE A NAIL!
THE HORROR.
AT FIRST, THE MUTANTS SEEM TO HAVE AN EDGE BECAUSE OF THEIR SUPERIOR NUMBERS.
BUT SLOWLY, SUPERIOR SKILL BEGINS TO FORCE THEM BACK--

--UNTIL:
HOO-HAH!! LOOK AT THEM RUN!!
IT'S ONLY A TEMPORARY VICTORY THEY'LL BE BACK--
--AND NEXT TIME THEY'LL BE READY!


I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND--
UNDERSTAND?! WHAT? THAT THEY REACTED WITH JEALOUSY, SUSPICION, FEAR--NORMAL EMOTIONS.
WHAT DID YOU THINK THEY'D DO? FALL TO THEIR KNEES AND WORSHIP US?!

I JUST WANTED TO SHOW THEM THAT EVEN TODAY--
--LIFE HAS POSSIBILITIES.

WE'LL TELL GREAT FRED--HE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO!
I KNOW I'M SUPPOSED TO HATE THEM--

BUT--GODS!! THEY LOOKED JUST LIKE GODS!

YEAH! WAIT TILL FRED HEARS.

HE'LL TELL US WHAT TO DO!

YOU'D BEST LEAVE BEFORE THEY RETURN.

BUT DOC-- WHAT ABOUT YOU.

I'LL BE FINE HERE--

MY BUNKER IS ALMOST INVULNERABLE. MY SECRET ENTRANCES WILL ONLY OPERATE FOR ME.

THOSE THINGS MAY RULE THE SURFACE, BUT THE TUNNELS BENEATH IT ARE MINE!

WE SHOULD STAY WITH YOU.

NO. IT IS NOT YOUR PLACE TO HIDE IN THE DARKNESS--

--YOU HAVE A WORLD TO RECLAIM! GOOD-BYE, MY CHILDREN--

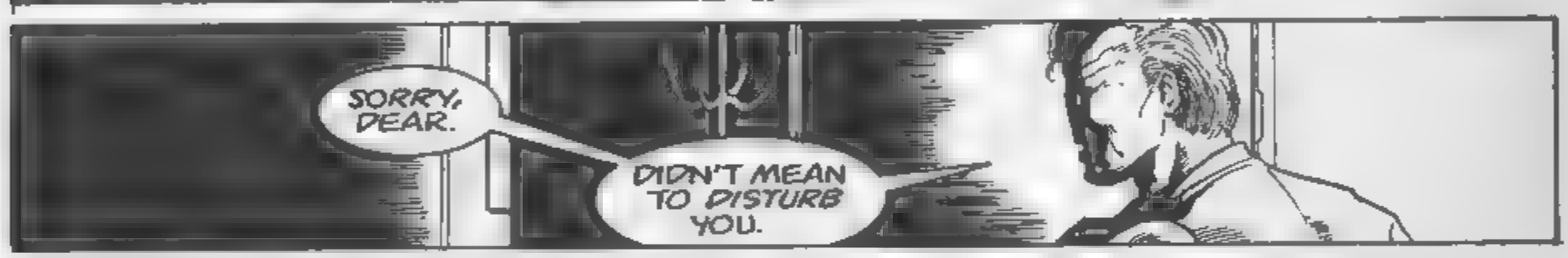
GOOD-BYE...

...MY DAUGHTERS AND SON.

TIME TO GET BACK TO WORK, I SUPPOSE.
IMPORTANT:
GAS

I SHOWED THEM THE EQUIPMENT IN THE TRUNK...TAUGHT RUDIMENTS OF DRIVING AND SAFETY...
...FOOD AND TOILETRIES... GAS... STILL NEED TO WORK ON MORE UNDAMAGEABLE CLOTHES...

SO MANY VARIABLES-- SO MUCH TO REMEMBER--!
IF ONLY I WERE AS PERFECT AS THEY...!


SORRY, DEAR.
DIDN'T MEAN TO DISTURB YOU.

NO, EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT.
THE CHILDREN ARE ON THEIR WAY NOW.

NOT AGAIN.
HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT?

I'VE TOLD YOU A HUNDRED TIMES, THE GIRLS ARE LIKE DAUGHTERS TO ME.
BESIDES--

--NO ONE COULD REPLACE YOU IN MY HEART--
--NORMA JEAN.

A HUNDRED FLOORS LATER, AS NIGHT FALLS AT THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING...
AT LAST... NOW WE'LL TELL... FRED...
HE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO!
GREAT FRED! SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED IN THE CITY! CUGAT'S GONE COMPLETELY CRAZY!
I KNOW.
I HAVE SEEN.
YOU HAVE TOLD ME.
NOW I'LL TELL YOU WHAT TO DO.
MEANWHILE, KILOMETERS AWAY, THE EX-MUTANTS HAVE SET CAMP FOR THE NIGHT.
I ALWAYS KNEW WHAT I'D LOOK LIKE -- JUST LIKE MY MOTHER.
I'D HAVE LONG RED HAIR, AND EMERALD GREEN EYES, AND...

SO I WAS WRONG.
WELL, NOT EXACTLY.

WHAT I FIND MOST INTERESTING IS THAT YOU ALWAYS HAD THIS DEEP COMMITMENT TO BEING OR LOOKING HUMAN...
WAS IT THAT WAY FOR YOU?
NAH. I JUST WANTED TO BE ABLE TO RUN, JUMP, AND GET LAID!

YOU SEE, LORELEI, DOC HAD TO USE THE HEALTHIEST PART OF OUR GENETIC STRUCTURES IN THE REBUILDING PROCESS.
IN YOUR CASE, THE GENES PASSED ON BY PERHAPS A SINGLE DISTANT ANCESTOR SUFFERED THE LEAST DAMAGE.

HEY! WHAT ARE YOU GETTING SO WORKED UP ABOUT??
YOU MEAN YOU HAVEN'T FIGURED OUT WHY THERE ARE FOUR OF YOU AND ONLY ONE OF ME--?

WE'VE GOT TO REPOPULATE THE EARTH! WE'RE BREEDING STOCK!!
EXCUSE ME, FELLOW CATTLE. I HATE TO INTERRUPT--

BUT IT'S... UH... "FEEDING TIME!"
BOY, DID YOU GET LUCKY.

NO. I ALMOST GOT LUCKY!

ONE DINNER LATER...
WELL, DON'T ALL RUSH TO CONGRATULATE ME ON THAT MARVELOUS DINNER.
YAWN
OH, IT WAS, ERIN! WE'RE JUST ALL PRETTY TIRED--

--I THINK WE'D BETTER TURN IN.
YEAH, YOU'RE RIGHT.
NOW YOU'RE TALKING!

YOU'RE FORGETTING SOMETHING HOTSHOT--
--YOUR TENT'S OVER THERE.

"BREEDING STOCK!" "GET LUCKY!"
I THINK HE'S KIND OF CUTE!

"CUTE..."

SOMETIMES LORELEI HAS ABOUT THE SENSE OF HUMOR OF A--
H'LO, BLU'--

--MIND IF I COME IN?
WHY... NO, VIKKI. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

WELL, BLU...

IF WE HAVE TO REPOPULATE THE ENTIRE WORLD...

"--DON'T YOU THINK WE'D BETTER GET STARTED?"

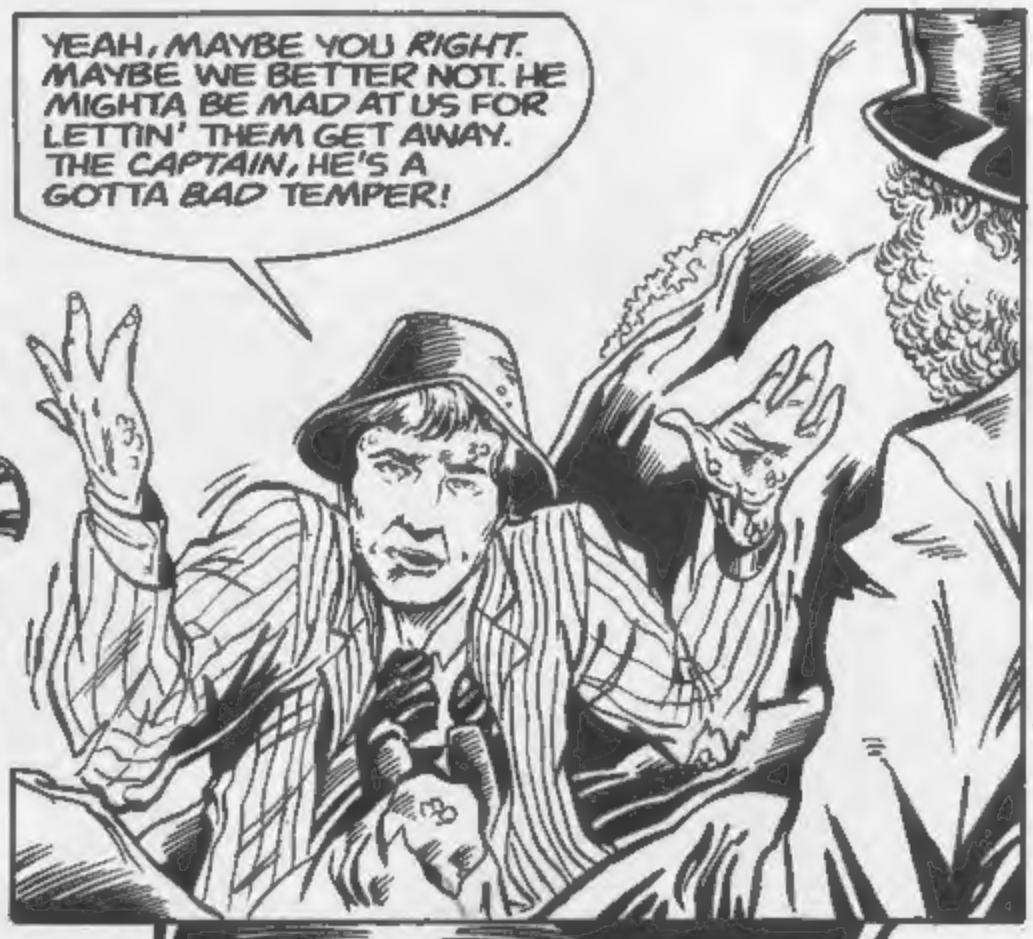
VIKKI--WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU YESTERDAY? YOU WERE MISSING HALF THE NIGHT.
OH--I JUST DECIDED TO SCOUT AROUND.

WELL-- DON'T DO IT AGAIN!

WHO KNOWS WHAT YOU MIGHT GET INTO!

'EY RUSTY, WHADDA YA KNOW? YOUSA TELLIN' THE TRUTH!

HO, DA BOSS, HE'S A GOONA LIKE THIS, HUH RUSTY?
HONK


YEAH, MAYBE YOU RIGHT. MAYBE WE BETTER NOT. HE MIGHTA BE MAD AT US FOR LETTIN' THEM GET AWAY. THE CAPTAIN, HE'S A GOTTA BAD TEMPER!

HONK
HONK
HONK
HONK
MAYBE WE SHOULD GO SNOOP AROUND ANDA SEE IFA WE CAN FIND ANYTHING OUT.
AN' RUSTY--

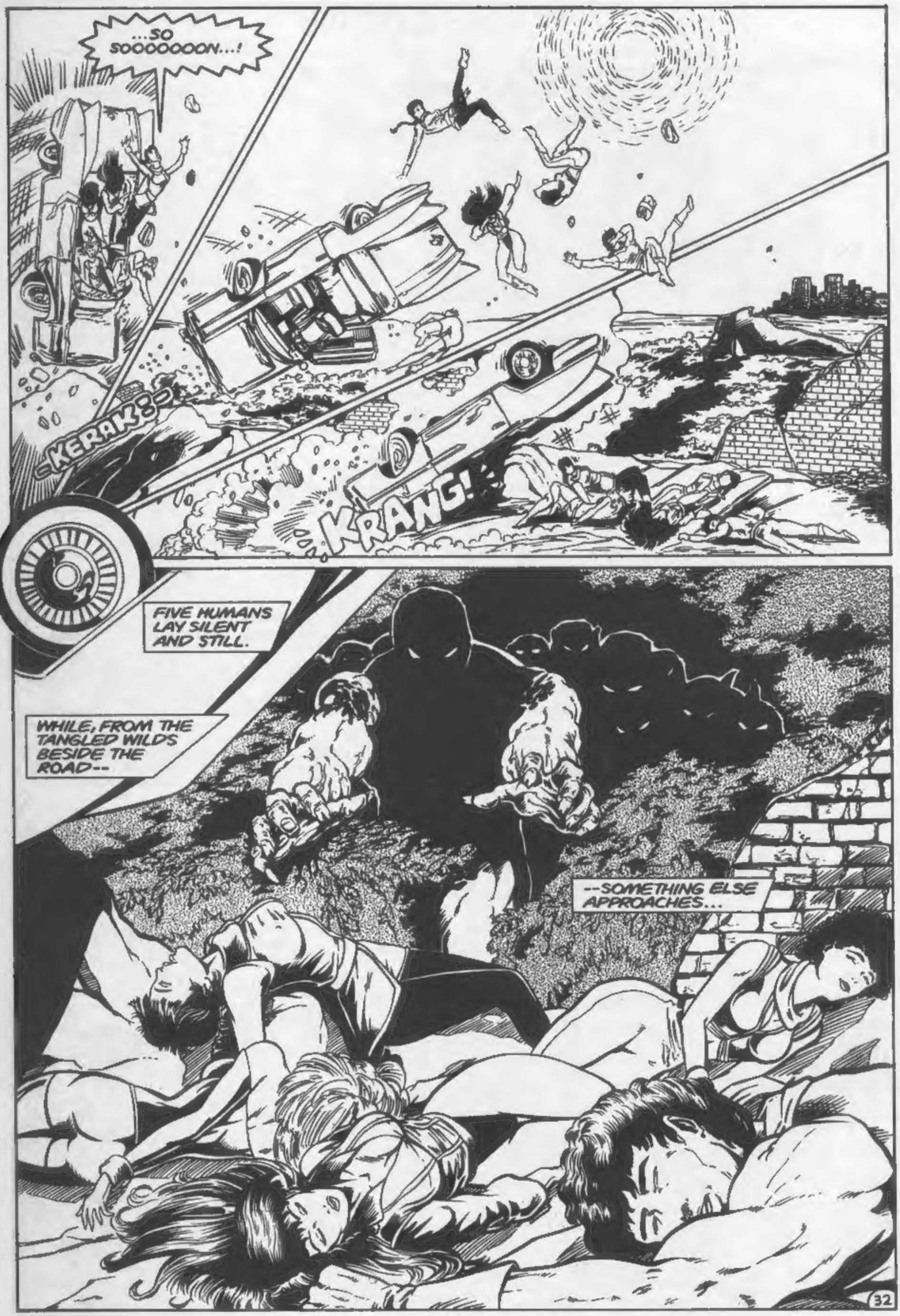
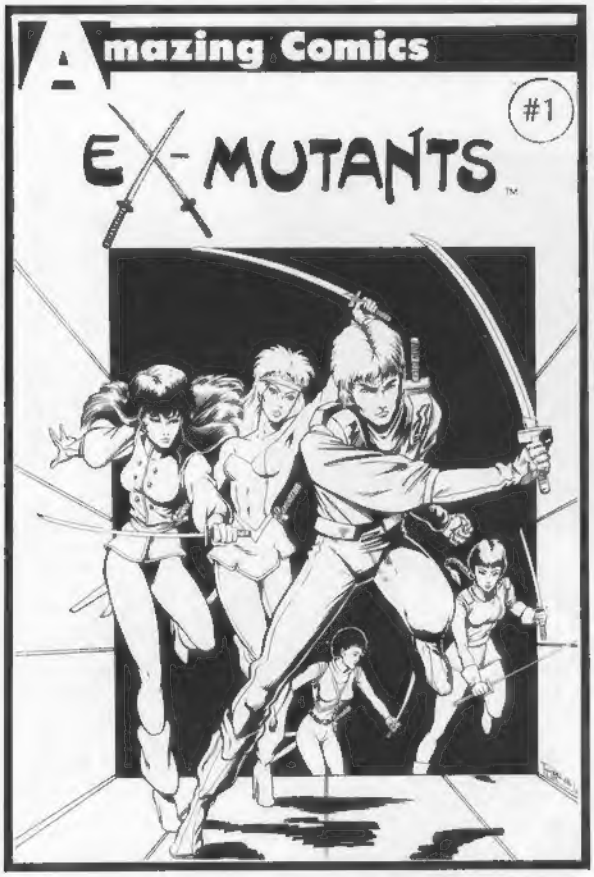
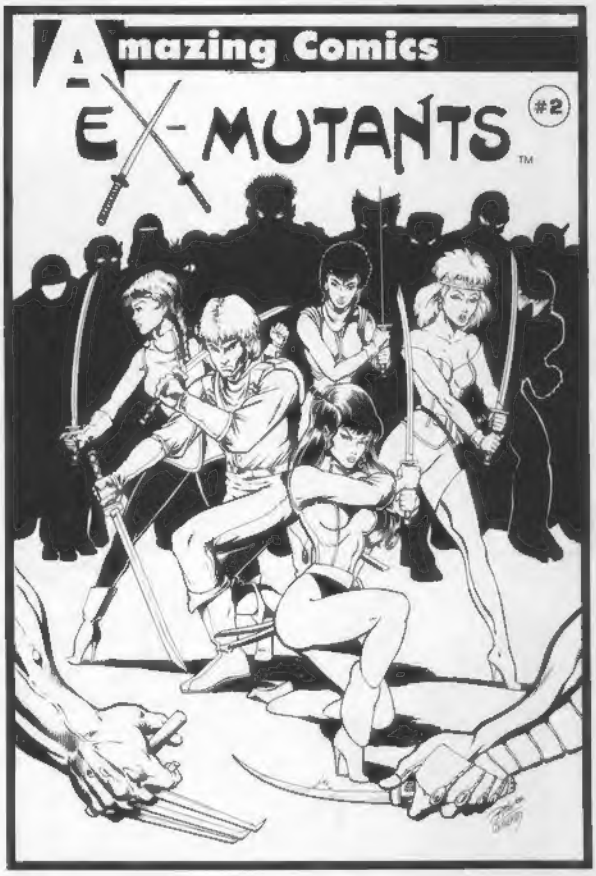
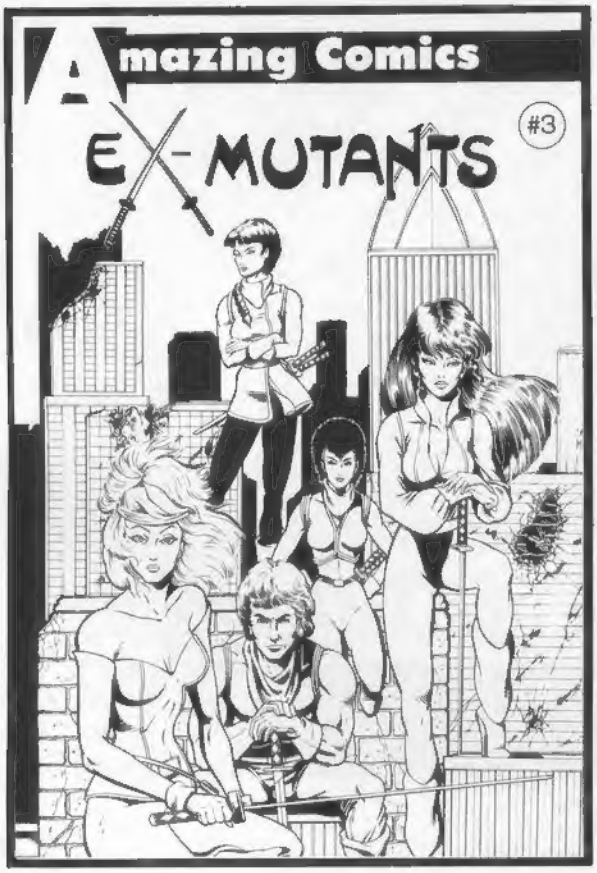
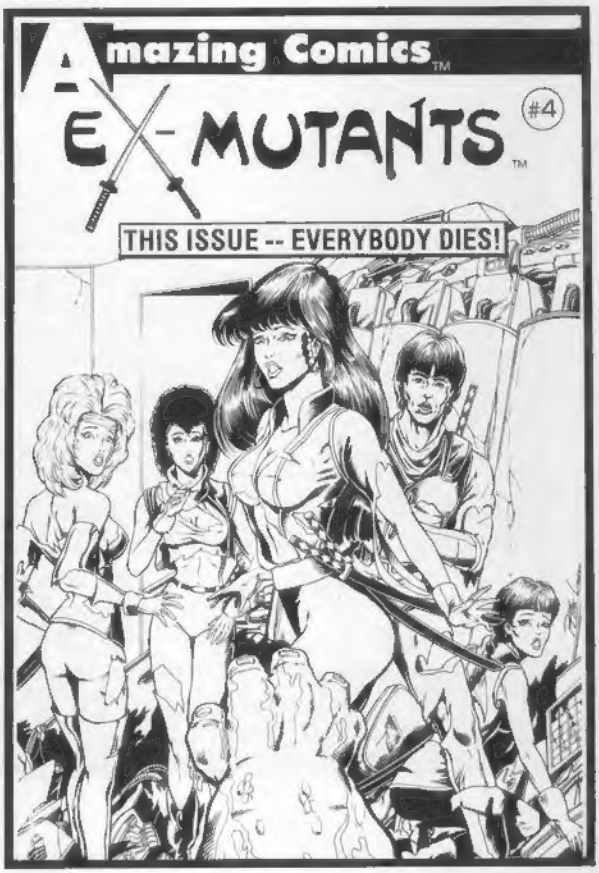
--I THINKA MAYBE YOU BETTER LETTA ME DO THE TALKING!

I WONDER HOW FAST THIS THING GOES?
VRROOM!
'CAUSE TRAMPS LIKE US, BABY WE WERE BORN TO ♪ RUN... ♪
VOOOOOMM!!
BELUSHI, YOU IDIOT! SLOW DOWN!

C'MON, LORELEI! QUIT BEING SO BOOOR-ING!

THAT'S A NEAT SONG, BLU. WHAT IS IT?
OH, THAT! IT'S AN OLD SONG I GOT OFF ONE OF DOC'S RECORDS BY--
BELUSHI!!

LOOK OUT!
SCREEEEEE
SIGH: I ALWAYS KNEW HE'D KILL US ALL SOMEDAY--I JUST DIDN'T THINK IT WOULD HAPPEN...
QUIK-STOP


...SO SOOOOOOON...!
KERAK
KRANG!
FIVE HUMANS LAY SILENT AND STILL.
WHILE, FROM THE TANGLED WILDS BESIDE THE ROAD--
--SOMETHING ELSE APPROACHES...

MUTATED MEMORIES